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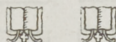
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EDITORIAL      RELIGIOUS      ALUMNI  
ATHLETICS



## *The Prairie*

---

Five months of prairie and snow!  
My God! will it never go?  
Will the cruelty of the winter's grip  
Never relax nor unbend?  
I am here alone with my cows,  
My horses, my books and myself;  
And now I am sick of myself  
And the books and the horses and cows.  
I have read, I have tramped, I have worked—  
But oh, the unchanging white!  
The silence! The cruel cold glare  
Of the sun in its blinding light!  
The moonlight is soft and mellow,  
It hides the stretches from me;  
But the cruel clear light of the daytime  
Spreads them out for me to see.  
And I hate them. I long for the cheer  
Of my fellowmen in the town,  
For the lights and the crowd and the songs,  
For the pavements and streets in brown.

How the fading sunlight cheers  
The landscape all fresh and green,  
And makes the little pools brighten  
And shine with a fairy sheen!  
The dazzling white of the winter  
Has changed to comforting black  
And green, and grey; and I listen  
For the song of a blue-bird come back.  
The prairie is beautiful now,  
As the April breezes blow,  
And the stretches cheer me and tell me  
Of the green things beginning to grow.  
Oh, now I love the prairie.  
Even though the brown streets call,  
I'll stay with the stretching prairie  
Oh, God, how I love it all!



The heat of the summer is dancing  
Over the fields of grain.  
The wheat is filling with promise  
Of harvest time coming again.  
The workman with heat is weary;  
The horses pant as in pain;  
The terrible heat of the prairie  
Scorches the hopeful plain,  
But scorches it into ripeness.  
And soon the yellow glow  
Of a bounteous golden harvest  
Will wave, as the west winds blow.  
I feel the love of the prairie;  
I'm under the prairie's thrall;  
I love its stir and promise,  
And its force, brooding over all.

The prairies broad have offered  
Their bounteous golden gift,  
The quiet air is brooding,  
The lamb-like, white clouds drift.  
A soft yellow light is wrapping  
Golden stubble and fallow grey;  
The amber spell of the prairie  
Holds the closing autumn day.  
And now in the gathering twilight  
I'm under the prairie's spell,  
And I thank the God of the prairie  
That he made it so very well.

(Second Prize—Hazel A. McDonald).



## THE LEAST OF THESE.

"If you've work to do, I can drive Dick to school as well as not. I'll harness Nell now."

Mrs. Richards completed the packing of her small son's lunch basket, as her brother-in-law went slowly up the path that led to the stables.

"He's thinking of going back already," communicated her husband, lighting his pipe and indicating by a nod his brother's retreating figure.

His wife turned sharply.

"I thought he intended to stay for a year at least; he only came in June."

"So he did, so he did," rejoined her husband puffing violently at his half-lighted pipe, "but he can't seem to get the kid out of his head. I thought he'd give up all hope of finding him—you'd think he would—in ten years—but the minute he's out of England, he seems to feel he ought to be back. He hasn't said anything yet—but it's in the air—. Beastly day out—but good for the crops—just what we need this time of year. Come along Dick, there's the buggy—got your dinner, son?"

Mrs. Richards did not sing about her work that morning as she usually did. It was not the cold, grey day, nor the steadily falling rain that depressed her usually buoyant spirits. Into her sheltered, happy life had penetrated in the last few months the disillusionment of another's bitterness, and she sighed as she polished and hung up the shining kitchen-ware and set her comfortable kitchen in order.

She was roused by a faint tap on the kitchen door. "Such a morning for anyone to be out," she thought as she hurried to open it.

"Well! for pity's sake! she ejaculated, as she faced her visitor. Then more kindly—"Come in, out of the rain, won't you?"

He was surely in need of kindness. The boy, a lad of perhaps twelve years, if one were to judge by his thin, dwarfed body, or older if one questioned his face, shuffled in and shrank close to the warm kitchen range. His ragged clothes seemed pasted on thin, stooped shoulders and from them the water ran in little trickling streams over bare, scarred legs and feet, making an ever increasing pool on the oilcloth. His shrewd, unchild-like eyes searched the face of the mistress of the house, judging, weighing, deciding.

"It's a wet morning, isn't it?" offered Mrs. Richards as a silence-breaker.

The boy shivered but remained passively silent.

"Where do you come from and what's your name?" queried Mrs. Richards when she found the silence oppressive.

"Don't come from anywhere and I haven't any name—that is,—I'm a 'home' boy—an' I live a long piece from here—I run



away—an' I'm not going back."

"Why?"

"Cause he said he'd kill me—he did!"

The boy's eyes gleamed shrewdly, then dropped.

"He did—the man. I've been there two years—I'm a Barnardo boy. He says I'm no good. He says I lie and steal and don't work and he licks me something awful. Last night he licked me 'cause he said I didn't feed the pigs—I did so"—the boy's voice rose passionate and indignant—"even if they did squeal—an' he said he'd kill me if I lied any more, so I ran away—an' I'm going to find work—I ain't going back."

Mrs. Richards puckered her brow thoughtfully but made no comment of belief or disbelief in the boy's story. The boy expected none: his explanation had been merely the necessary but tiresome preliminary to the question he meant to ask, and in asking it his apathy left him; he fairly trembled with excitement.

"Know anybody wants a man?"

"A man!"—Mrs. Richards, looking at the delicate neglected-looking boy, could only shake her head sorrowfully while the tears rose to her eyes.

"I can work!" he made quick answer to her unspoken comment. "I can work, you bet. I can milk—an' pull weeds an' clean stables an'," he hesitated momentarily, "drive a team."

His listener's thoughts were busy with another problem.

"Isn't there somebody—some man looking after you boys—couldn't you write to him if you are ill-treated?"

The boy's eyes dropped at this side-stepping of what he considered the main issue. He resumed again his dejected attitude.

"I guess so," he said monotonously.

"But I want to know. Can you write?"

"Yes," he admitted listlessly. "I went to school. Not at his place. The man said I was to but he—he said it was blamed foolishness sending other people's kids to school an' I never went. The man that brought me here said to write to him if he was bad to me or licked me or anything."

"Why didn't you?"

"An' give him the letter to post! He'd a' licked the day-lights outa me. Anyway I ain't never going back any more. I'm going to look for work. You won't never tell him—what way I went. He might get me."

The boy raised his eyes to her face—eyes so full of abject terror that Mrs. Richards faithfully promised and a few minutes later the manfully plodding little figure disappeared from view in the driving autumn rain.

"Matheson was here from back in the bush, a few minutes ago," Mr. Richards informed his wife as he helped himself at dinner to roast beef and hot potatoes. "Seems his Barnardo boy ran away last night and he's looking for him."

"Was that the little chap went across the fields this morn-



ing?" asked his brother-in-law.

"I expect so, told him he'd likely find him if he went south. The boy couldn't have gone far."

"Oh! why did you tell him?" There was genuine dismay in his wife's tone. "The man must be a brute. The boy was here looking for work. You should have seen the state he was in."

"You're too soft hearted, Mary," remonstrated her husband. "You just can't believe what those kids tell you. Liars and thieves every one of them. Don't know any better perhaps, but they are. I wouldn't have one on the place. But if Matheson wants one he's welcome. He's had quite a time with this one from his own account."

"But—the man—is he to be trusted?"

"What! Matheson? I don't know much about the man. He lives down in the bush and keeps a herd and a lot of stock. Of course he's rough and ready, not exactly our style—but what can those kids expect. A man takes one of them to work—not out of charity."

Ralph Richards smiled grimly.

"That's it exactly, Mary. We don't believe in Charity nowadays. We've got beyond that fiction. Every man for himself and what he can get out of things, and if anyone is weak or helpless, why tramp on him. It's strength that counts."

"But he's only a boy," insisted his sister-in-law. And it isn't Christian—"

"Who said it was?" He spoke in a tone of ironic bitterness. "Christian! Who's Christian? Your delightful Christian teachings haven't touched the fringe of the misery in the world. War and disease, suffering and starvation, that's the lot of millions, and who cares? Not you or I as long as our own skin's safe. And if God does, He must be helpless."

"Come, come now, Ralph old man, that's almost blasphemous and you've shocked Mary. We aren't responsible for everything, we couldn't be expected to be and it will all come out right in the end, I daresay."

"Nice comfortable philosophy," replied his brother, "preached by most of the pulpits and practised by most of the pews. As for me I don't expect any 'right in the end'; if I did I'd exert myself now."

"Well, Matheson got the kid all right," announced Jim Richards that evening as he pulled off his shoes and relaxed with his pipe and paper on the kitchen lounge. "We met him on the road and the kid admitted he'd lied and most everything else."

"Perhaps under the circumstances he was wise," his wife sarcastically remarked.

"By George! Mary, you're right! I never thought of that. You're a clever woman! The kid did have a hang-dog look."



What did you think of Matheson, Ralph?"

"He's a brute, I wouldn't let him have a dog of mine. Why do they let a man like that have a boy! I can't get the kid's face out of my mind ever since. Poor brow-beaten, desolate, little beggar! I thought I'd got over caring but, good God! does a man ever get over caring! I intend to write headquarters and see what can be done."

His brother stared at him incredulously.

"But you can't interfere, man! He's a neighbor."

"He's not my neighbor. And I'd interfere with the devil himself now that I've seen that kid's face"

"All right, Ralph, suit yourself. Mary'll be glad to supply you with paper, I know. Perhaps some one who isn't as lazy as I am ought to interfere, I hate to see a kid abused myself."

"What was the boy's name?" asked Ralph Richards some minutes later.

"He wouldn't tell."

The man on the lounge looked up with a grin.

"Call him the 'Least of These,' he commented. "Very appropriate," he added with a chuckle, "he's pretty small."

"I suppose the name isn't essential," responded his brother thoughtfully. "If I give Matheson's name they ought to know the boy."

He addressed and stamped the envelope and sat regarding it with compressed lips.

"I'm going back to England, Jim," he said abruptly a few minutes later.

Jim sat up sharply.

"Think it will do any good? Can you do any more than you've done for ten years? The boy can't be alive or you'd have found him before now."

"I wish I dared believe that he was dead. I tell you, Jim, it's killing me. I feel sometimes as if I should go mad. I did think it was hopeless but as soon as I get away I crave to get back. I suppose it's become a part of my living."

"It's a beastly, rotten shame anyway," sympathized his brother. "I know how I'd feel if it were Dick. It's pretty hopeless by now, to my mind, but you know best how you feel about it." And Jim Richards, whose sympathies were broad enough to include those of his own family, relapsed into gloomy silence.

"I don't see why they can't answer their business letters, at least!" Ralph pushed the pile of opened letters from him angrily. "Nearly a week since I've written and no answer."

"If you want to see the 'Least of These,' why not you and Mary go down? You could have the Ford but even the Ford wouldn't ramble far over those roads. Take Nell and the buggy. Mary can show you the road. It's a good day to go—Sunday.



The family will be away visiting. Their kind always do. Saves the grub."

"Alone—I'll have Dick and with looking after him between naps I'll be quite all right. You needn't worry about me."

"Jim was right about the roads at any rate; such a place to live!" And Ralph dexterously guided Nell through the narrow gate. "You're sure we're right? Ah! there's the kiddie now."

The Least of These was pumping water with all the strength of his thin arms. When he saw the buggy he left the pails, regardless of the hungry squeals behind him and ran to greet his visitors.

"They're all away," he announced delightedly. "They left me all the cows to milk and the feedin' to do, but I don't mind work when I'm alone. I sorter like the animals. They're good company." He stroked with one thin hand the horse's nose as he spoke.

"And how are you getting along?"

"He was pretty rough at first when I came back. Then"—the boy's eyes narrowed shrewdly—"he got a letter—last Thursday. He was awful mad. Told the missus that if some damned fool didn't keep his nose out of other folk's business, he'd get it smashed. They were scared though. She fixed my clothes an' I'm to start school tomorrow, an' he's never licked me since no matter what—an' he made the kids find my picture that they pinched. Like to see it mister? I love it, and it's the only thing I've got of my really own." The boy dragged a battered, old locket from under his tattered shirt, opened it and held it out eagerly.

"Ain't it pretty?" he volunteered with a wide grin.

The man took the proffered trinket carelessly.

"Why, Ralph"—gasped his sister-in-law—a second later—"why, Ralph!"—

But the man with the glory of a denied fatherhood illuminating his worn face stretched out longing arms to the astonished little "Least of These" and murmured brokenly:

"Good God!—at last!—my son!"

(First Prize—Mabel Cooper.)

We were discussing where to spend our holidays. Europe was selected, and we walked down to the corner of Portage and Main to get our tickets. When we got there we found that on the way we had lost half of our money. For the other half we bought a street car ride back to Wesley.

Speaking of "sups," we would not mind half a dozen if you are referring to the Chautauqua brand.

Would you like to meet the girl whose idea of a ticklish proposition is Bob Frayne's upper lip?



**"VISITED UPON THE CHILDREN."**

George Turner groaned. He sat in the growing dusk of a late winter afternoon. His head was bowed and his arms hung limply over the great arms of his chair. He did not know how long he had sat thus. The sound of an opening door startled him. He gazed about the room at the book-cases lined with well-bound books, books he had bought by the set, had paid a handsome price for and had not read. He looked at the costly bric-a-brac and massive easy chairs. Everything looked different and strange to him. He was seeing anew all those things that spoke of ease and wealth, things he had grown to prize, both for the comfort they afforded and for the way they symbolized his success—the splendid success of his life. The whole room was strange and hateful to him now. It repulsed him. Success! It was a ghastly failure! Life was a failure, and this room he had enjoyed as a sign of his success cried out to him of that failure.

A month ago he would have told you he had succeeded in life. Even a week ago he would have said his life had been "not bad at all, considering what he started from," although even then vague misgivings were flitting in and out of his mind. To-day he knew it was not success but instead terrible, tragic failure.

Just before he sat down there the doctor had said, "I'm sorry, Turner. I fear the worst. Your daughter might recover if she had anything to recover for. If she had someone depending on her she might make the effort, but there is really nothing seems to rouse her."

That was it, Evelyn had nothing to recover for. She had nothing to do. There was nothing she could do, nothing that she wanted. It had been dawning on Turner with awful truth that the fault was his—her father's. What an awful fool and failure he had been! Yet why had he failed? He hadn't intended to fail. Where had the failure begun?

His whole life seemed to rise before him. He viewed it as the biography of another. He was quite detached from it—an interested onlooker, watching for the first flaw that made the weakness of the whole.

He saw himself a sturdy youngster playing "Duck-On-The-Rock" at school, in an eastern village. How he had hated to miss his shot! How he had hated to do things poorly! What a poor loser he always had been! When a very little boy he made up his mind that if he would not always lose he must play with all his might. He usually had been first in his games after that.

He had come west as a young man and had been still very thorough, both in his sports and in his more serious business. He had begun with little but he had been successful in a small way. He had established a growing business. Then he had met Mary and married her. Mary had wanted money and the things



money could buy. Mary's life had not been very full of the things one buys with money and Turner had promised himself that she would have things then. He had decided that he would make his business a success, for Mary. Later he had wanted money and success for the children, Ted and Evelyne. They would have an easier life than his had been, both he and Mary had decided that.

The west had opened up. Turner was on the ground early. His lots had sold well; he still had played a winning game. He had made money and the early war years, while they had brought their strain had found him with his beautiful home on the avenue and many gilt-edged investments. He hadn't been a profiteer, no indeed! He had hated disloyalty. Still, why should his son have gone to war? He remembered how a little of the same helpless feeling he was experiencing now had come to him when Ted had insisted that he should sign up. Why should all his work, his wealth that was to have been Ted's, that he had gained for Ted, why should it not help Ted now? Couldn't Ted have paid and stayed at home? He knew there was no other answer than the one Ted had given. He had had to go. He went and he did not come back. Why had his work for Ted not helped out here? He felt a crushed, hurt feeling—Was it God or fate?

Still Evelyne had been different. Evelyne had had no duty to her country. Truly she had wanted to work at something, to teach or enter business, but Turner felt his daughter shouldn't work. He had had to work hard but he had worked that Ted and Evelyne might "have it easier." His sacrifice for Ted was more or less in vain. That had hurt—but that had been the war.

With Evelyne it had been different. Mary and he had seen that Evelyne had enjoyed life. They had been strict, but she had never lacked for those things that girls want, pretty dresses, rich furs, dances, company and motors. She had had her music and "all the education that a girl needs anyway." He had seen that Evelyne had travelled. He had taken her and Mary to France and Italy. Evelyne had enjoyed it, wildly, enthusiastically. She had always seemed to enjoy what he provided but she hadn't lately seemed to be so interested in it. The doctor had said it was nerves. How could it be nerves? Evelyne had had nothing to worry her. The doctor said it was because she lived at a too high nervous pressure, had had too many pleasures, had been too overplayed, not overworked. Now, Turner wondered, if he had let her do the work she had wanted would it have been overdone, would overwork have worn her out like this. The doctor said she had too little left to live for. She had seen much of life, of people and of pleasure and now those pleasures and friends uttered no call to bring her back from the borderland.

Turner groaned again. Was there nothing he could use to induce her to return? There was young Foster. He was to have



married Evelyne. Foster loved her. Foster could care for her, could give her quite as fine a home as her own, but then, would that induce her, a comfortable home?—she didn't know its lack. To think that all that he had striven for should have ended thus!

If Evelyne got well again he'd let her work. He'd see to it that her interests were broader. What would interest young people anyway? They wanted dances, theatres and pleasures. Was that all? Had Evelyne wanted more than that? She'd had all that and more. Of course, she hadn't done much else. She hadn't done the things that Mary and his sisters had done when they were girls.

Mary had had duties in her home, and his sisters,—they could cook. Evelyne liked to cook too, but then, when one could leave it to maids why need one's daughter cook and clean the house? Evelyne had liked to cut and sew, but what was the good of money if you couldn't have those things, that had bothered Mary so, done for you?

Evelyne didn't like music lessons; she didn't like fussy ladies' colleges, but then all the daughters in his friend's families studied music and went to ladies' college. Evelyne had so wanted a business course, but that was all right if you had to earn a living. Evelyne had wanted once to visit the poor in the flats by the river. He had refused quite definitely to allow it. She might have contracted some disease down there in those dirty streets. No, he had written a cheque. A cheque would do more good than her visit and wouldn't take the time. She could go to the tennis courts to play, he had said.

And now the doctor had said Evelyne wouldn't live unless she had something that needed her, something for her to do. Evelyne, who was so full of life and energy. Could it be possible that she had had too much life, too much energy for the outlets her life had afforded? Would it have been any better to have let her do those quite unnecessary things? Evelyne had obeyed so readily. He had always had his way. She had given up her plans to please him and now she hadn't any plan, half-carried out to call her back to life to see that it was finished. He'd had the money. He had paid instead of letting Evelyne work for herself, and now, what was the good of it all? What was the use of all his boasted success? It had turned to failure after all. Turner buried his face in his hands, "I'd give up every cent and this whole place to-morrow if it would make her want to live, but then she wouldn't want to do the things now she wanted to do when she was younger and so well and strong. We've made an awful, awful blunder, Mary and I, and 'the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.' It is the curse of too much wealth."

(Second Prize—Hazel A. McDonald).



## BURIED TREASURE.

"Here Collie!" shouted Jack Good as he shoved his head around the corner and sent a whistle down the corridor that was much louder than the occasion called for, in view of the fact that old Doc. Burnham was busily expounding the wonders of the human anatomy to the fourth year class, on the far side of a very thin door just a few feet distant. Collin Musgrave halted, turned leisurely, and strolled back to his smiling chum.

"Tut lad," he said, with a patronizing air, "not so much effervescence. What's the latest? No, not another idea! I might have known you'd have some silly stunt on hand."

"Ah, but this is the best yet, Collie old pup. Let's find Art!"

Arthur Ford having been duly made one of the privileged class, Jack propounded his latest and of course best.

"Doesn't sound too bad for Mr. Good," declared Ford somewhat dubiously, "but isn't it beastly risky. Of course we need a body in the worst way imaginable, but I'd hate to finish my course breaking stones instead of—er, say, bank accounts."

"Simple as A B C," replied Jack reassuringly. "I got wind of this case up at the hospital a week ago, and have had my eyes open for developments. The friendless Mr. Spasmski has performed his part of my plan nobly. His ghost took leave this morning at seven bells. Now it's up to you fellows to do your duty. Why I went out there seven miles this afternoon to the funeral, simply to get the lay of things. The caretaker's house is nearly a quarter of a mile from the Ukrainian section, there's an empty grave right alongside ours, as I told you, and a main road and tram line right by the grounds—everything rosy."

"Very!" grunted Collie, sniffing the air suggestively. "A perfect rose garden, a bone-orchard in bloom. But supposing our admirable trio Jones, Baxter and Denham arrive before operations are fully completed?"

"Well, first come first served, but I have an idea that they wont happen along very early, at least so long as we give them no occasion for suspicion."

"What makes you think they have designs on our late friend of the hospital?" queried Art.

"The merest chance," exclaimed Jack. "I just happened to hear Denham tell Tubby Baxter not to forget a spade. Must have taken them kind of unaware. Tubby spluttered around for a minute as if he wanted to choke and couldn't, then finally ended up by advising Denny not to scatter his spades all over the room the next time he came up for a friendly game."

"Well, why the mirth?"

"An idea just occurred to me," chuckled Jack, "you know these flashes of genius usually come very suddenly. We'll get some fun out of this yet."



Jack was not quite so certain of this however when nine o'clock saw the three friends slip from a car that had been pulled up well to the side of the road. It was quite dark already, and as the road seemed deserted, each seized a shovel and crawled through the fence. For safety's sake they had decided to take to the fields, where stumbling along in the darkness that was accentuated by the black loam of the numerous stretches of ploughed land, they contrived to make a wide detour which finally brought them up close to their eerie destination from a point directly opposite the caretaker's cottage.

"Say, they might cut the grass once in a while," gasped Collie disgustedly as he sprawled for the third time over an ancient and grass grown ant hill. "You can't see a blooming thing. I'll be spilling the luminous paint yet."

"What's the matter with you? Can't you manage your—" The sentence was not completed, for Art, who had so far fared rather well, had just made the discovery that the ground in the vicinity had at some time been staked out, and as he rose painfully he caught an annoying chuckle from the ultra-blackness that represented the amused Collie.

For a time no one spoke. The night had turned somewhat chilly, and as they neared their destination a whole lot of enthusiasm seemed to have oozed from the marauders.

"You know, I think we're a bunch of silly asses," ventured Art presently as though he had just made a discovery, and voicing the opinion in a none too happy voice. "Say, it looks like rain, it's clouding up something fierce," he whispered hoarsely, as he collided with Jack who was leading and had suddenly stopped.

Jack ignored the remark. "Well, here we are boys," he said in an undertone. "Our stop is just beyond that second row of stones there, near the big one. Do you see?"

"Yes perfectly, it has 'In loving memory of our darling Aunt Sarah,'" exclaimed Collie, with a poor attempt at jesting. As far as he could see there was nothing visible but smudges, smudges with varying degrees of blackness, smudges which might mean anything.

Five minutes later however, the soft thud of flying clay told of busy industry in the underworld, as Art had fondly termed it. After considerable difficulty owing to the fact that it was covered by old cement-forms with the purpose of keeping out the rain, the empty grave had been discovered. There was nothing but a wall of some fifteen inches separating it from the partially filled grave of their unfortunate objective, and in spite of the fact, that owing to the narrowness of their quarters only two could work below at a time, it was not many minutes before their spades began to strike the side of the rough-box.



The natural way under ordinary circumstances would have been to enter the grave from the top, but this did not fit in with their plans for the reception of their fellow collegians. By tunnelling an opening about two feet high through the narrow wall which separated the vacant grave in which they stood, from that which had so recently been used, they would have an underground passage which would give them free access to the present abode of the much sought after Mr. Spasmski. The beauty of the scheme, as Jack had carefully pointed out, lay in the fact that there would be no visible evidence above of their subterranean by-way once they had replaced the forms over the grave. Their purpose was soon accomplished for the sticky nature of the clay prevented caving, and once the side of the box was bared it took but a moment to pull off the boards with a claw hammer.

"Rather neat, eh!" Jack exclaimed, as a row of bright metal handles lay revealed in the faint glow of the flashlight. "Grab that other end Art, and we'll have him out of here before we prepare for Mr. Theodore Bertram Jones and Co."

"Wow, what a face!" he gasped, dropping the coffin lid a little sharply at the sight the little light had revealed. "Hop out and get that rope Collie."

Collie hopped. As a matter of fact he was glad Jack had suggested himself rather than Art for the office, as things were becoming just a trifle overcrowded, and six months of medical college had not made him impervious to the peculiar influence of dead men. He was back in a moment however, bringing with him in his haste a miniature landslide.

"Caesar's ghost! Why all the hurry? You landed right on my foot."

"Never mind your foot, I think there's someone coming across the field the same way we did. I saw a light flash a couple of times and then disappear, but I'm pretty sure it's moving this way."

"Jones' crowd I'll bet!" Jack exclaimed. "We'll have to make it snappy, there's no time to get that body out of here. Roll him out you chaps, I'll have to get this make up on before they get here for I must have light. Quick, pull those forms back over the top."

They could hear the intruders quite distinctly as they stumbled their way through the long grass of the neglected graves, and tripped over the deep sunk wooden crosses. The body was rolled somewhat unceremoniously out of the casket, wedging between it and the far wall. It was pitch dark now with their close-fitting roof over them and the light out. Collie gasped audibly as the head dropped against his leg.

In the darkness Jack hesitated a moment before stepping into the too recently vacated coffin. He had half a mind to let the rest of the programme go. Uncomfortable visions of caving



and smothering filled his imagination. Still, after all there was little real danger of that, and he could not afford to back down now. Nevertheless a shudder ran through him as he lay down in the narrow box. "Remember you chaps," he whispered, "don't stall if I start to yell or kick up a fuss in there, but pull me back through as quickly as you can, and don't make any more noise than you can help putting back those boards in place."

### Part II.

"Here's the one," came in a hoarse whisper from somewhere above, as a light was flashed, apparently on the small white painted cross of the next grave.

"My gosh, what writing, but it must be the one for it's only half filled in. I hardly expected it would be tough. Bently happened to remark while I was sleuthing around the undertaking parlors, that old Jerry, the caretaker, was all het up this afternoon because he got three funerals inside half an hour. Apparently he left this one to the last as there were no friends of the deceased present to make sure the coffin was covered. In all probability it was dark by the time he got to it. I shouldn't be surprised if this earth hadn't been in here an hour."

"That's Denny," breathed Art.

"Well Tubby," remarked Theodore Bertram as he poked the rather beefy Baxter in the region where his ribs should have been in evidence, "I guess you lose your bet, we seem to be first on the scene. Are you sure you saw Jack getting off that car this afternoon?"

"Well rather," panted Tubby indignantly, as he fished in his pocket for another butterscotch drop, "but what's the difference anyway as long as this specimen is our meat."

"How about putting in a little of that spare energy on a shovel handle," interrupted Denny who was already making the dirt fly, and for a few moments there was no sound save for the soft fall of the earth and an occasional grunt.

"Here you clumsy idiot!" suddenly burst out Tubby, "remember there's two ends to that shovel."

"Well what do you know about that, I believe the lad is right," came from Jones in unsympathetic surprise as he carefully felt the handle of his shovel. "You better climb out, old man, and shovel the dirt back, we'll get along faster. Besides it will give you a chance to rest a bit and get in condition for lifting the stiff out when we get down there."

Tubby made no comment but followed T.B.'s advice to the extent of making his exit from the overcrowded hole. In spite of the added space however, as the excavation grew deeper it became increasingly difficult to get the earth out without mishap.

"This is getting positively dangerous," gasped Denny, who



had just felt the air from Jones' shovel fan his cheek. "I think we better take relays, we need more scope. You can——" He stopped abruptly. "Did you hear that?" he asked.

"What?" queried Jones in a strained voice. He too fancied he had heard a scraping sound almost immediately beneath them.

"What's the matter down there? You don't mean to say Jones that you've had an attack of nerves. Oh why didn't I bring the smelling salts!" wailed Tubby in a subdued voice.

"I guess we're getting near China," laughed Denny mirthlessly, making a remarkably rapid exit and unselfishly leaving Jones the first turn in the new relay system. Jones who was about to do the same thing inwardly cursed himself for not moving a trifle sooner, but as there was no alternative, doggedly set to work.

A few minutes later his spade thudded hollowly on the lid of the rough box. "Wood," he grunted, "it won't take very long now. I'll just throw out a bit more," he suggested carelessly a moment later, as though he hated to leave the job, "then you fellows can fin——" his words suddenly died on his lips as from beneath his feet there came a low, long moan, almost inaudible, yet sufficiently loud to satisfy the already nervous T. B. Jones. He bolted from the grave as if propelled by a spring.

"Why all the haste," gasped Tubby, as he and Denny stumbled out of the darkness bearing the box which they had left a short distance away in their search for the grave, "you nearly knocked my wind out."

"I guess it's Denny's turn," gulped Jones, somewhat shakily. Then as an afterthought, "I'm all in, it's beastly hard work. I shouldn't be surprised if there's more than one stiff to-morrow."

Tubby chuckled, but Denny who was already descending somehow failed to see any humor in the remark. Before many minutes however, he was scraping the last of the earth from the top of the box, and wondering why he hadn't taken his turn before things had progressed quite so far. He was lifting the last shovelful, when with a sudden gasp he let it fall again, his body simultaneously seeming to have become too heavy for his knees. A low, but distinctly audible groan was coming from somewhere beneath him. Then he heard a faint chuckle.

"I suppose you think that's funny you silly ass," he spluttered angrily, aiming his remark in the direction of the innocent Tubby, who being busily engaged in moving the earth above, had not noticed anything unusual and who, fortunately for Denny, thought the compliment was addressed to Jones for throwing mud or some such thing under cover of darkness. Denny feeling somewhat reassured by what he considered the solution of the strange sounds, pried up the lid and stepping in upon the coffin itself, hoisted the long rough-box cover awkwardly to his waiting accomplices.



"Let's see the light," he demanded, at the same time inserting his fingers at the edge of the coffin lid and giving a wrench with the intention of loosening it. The next moment Denny was flat on his back with the first section of the lid on top of him. Apparently it had not been fastened down. Slowly he sat up, as he did so vainly endeavoring to stifle a yell. Out of the darkness there stared two giant eyes like living coals, save that they did not even possess the pleasant warmth of something living, but stared balefully a bluish green, seeming almost to smoke. Denny still clutching the extinguished flash light, did not think to turn it on again. He sat for one brief moment staring as though petrified, then suddenly coming to life with a start, he was out of the grave with a single jump. Tubby and Jones were gaping from above as if they had lost the power of speech.

"G—G—Good Lord!" stuttered Jones, as they stared at the unblinking eyes, "What is it?"

"Have you got the flashlight?" ventured Tubby whose nerves had not been subjected to the same strain as those of his chums and were consequently not quite so jumpy. Denny thrust the torch into his hand, feeling that if there were any more revelations to be made someone else could have the agency.

The beams of the little light revealed the upper part of a man's body. His face was ghastly white, almost too white, but his eyes were closed having no hint of their recent horrible aspect.

"Nothing so terrible about that is there T.B.?" asked Tubby. "I think we ought to call you D.T. after tonight. Just hold the light a moment while Denny and I get him out." Straddling the coffin Tubby gingerly seized the man's coat, and lifted him sufficiently to allow the rope to be shoved beneath his shoulders. "Now for his feet," he exclaimed, with evident satisfaction. "Here, what did you do with the light?"

"I never touched the light, it must have burnt out."

"Why the blooming thing is gone altogether, I laid it right here."

"Quit that you fathead—sticking your confounded pins into people. I told you I never touched it."

"Great Pickerel," what are you talking about," gasped Tubby, vainly endeavoring to keep his eyes from the awful stare of those peculiarly luminous orbs that had fixed themselves upon him the moment the light had so mysteriously disappeared. Suddenly he sprang back, knocking Denny into the corner of the grave. The eyes were moving. Slowly they were rising and in the deathly stillness of the narrow grave, they could hear the rustle of the dead man's clothes, could see the white smudge of



two clammy hands reaching toward them, gradually, steadily, persistently drawing closer.

Neither Jones nor Tubby ever remembered the details of their leaving the spot save that eternities seemed to pass in which each frantically clawed the other down in an attempt to get out first, and a quarter of a mile had been covered in record time before anyone thought of slowing down.

The dead man suddenly as if overcome by his recent exertion, collapsed upon the foot of the coffin and rolled about in convulsions of laughter. Exhaustion finally getting the better of his mirth, Jack rose weakly and crawling out of his late abode, shoved apart the wooden forms of the other grave.

"I'm done for boys," he groaned, "I'll never get over this one,—a searchlight to the good too." Then away he went into another convulsion in which Art and Collie joined.

"I thought I'd give the show away sure when I lanced old Denny with that hat pin. That luminous paint did the trick." Then gravely, "Gentlemen, this day will go down in history."

"Yes," remarked Collie, who, having roosted over the silent remains of the oft mentioned Mr. Spasmski, for the best part of an hour, was beginning to long for quarters that would allow of more freedom in the choosing of company. "That's all very well, but we can jaw about it after. Let's get this over with. The moon's come out and it's almost too light."

"Righto! Never mind the rope we'll just roll him out. You take his feet Art."

"What the ——!" Art had burst out, but not wishing to be laughed at he did not finish the exclamation. He could have sworn that the man's left foot had moved. The moon was now flooding his end of the grave, though the other was still in darkness. Oh well, he had the feet, and if the others were satisfied with the head he could manage his end. Pocketing the little lamp, Jack rolled the body over. "All ready?" he asked, as Collie gingerly, with shivers playing up and down his spine took the other arm.

"Yep."

"Up with it then."

As the corpse came on a level with their heads the pale glow of the moonlight bathed the ghastly figure with a flood of cold light. Jack felt his eyes drawn as by a magnet to the man's face. With a start he loosened his hold and if Collie, whose eyes for some inexplicable reason had been shut, had not retained a fairly firm grip, the man would have more than slithered to the ground. That glance had revealed to him, in the sickly moonlight, two wide open eyes that stared vacantly at him. Simultaneously with this discovery, it had occurred to him that there was a rather uncalled for warmth about the arm he had seized.



"Let's get out of this," he breathed, setting an effective example, and a few minutes later the graveyard was again deserted save for a huddled mass which the moonlight revealed in the bottom of an empty grave.

Late the following afternoon the irrepressible Jack, coming upon his chums in a neglected corner of the rotunda, shoved before their faces a newspaper still reeking from the press, with the injunction "Read," and pointed to the paragraph:

"Mr. Spasmski, who has been ill suffering for some time with the almost fatal illness, commonly known as sleeping sickness, has, thanks to some very recent developments of medical science, safely passed the crisis and is now on the road to recovery."

"Not bad, eh? We'll send for those life-saving medals tomorrow."  
M. W. ABBOTT.

Prof. Phelps: "There has been much discussion as to the setting of the 'Eve of St. Agnes'—whether in Scotland, Italy or Spain. Some critics claim that since the hero crossed the moors it was in Scotland."

Iva Stewart: "But were there not Moors in Spain too?"

Mr. Halstead (in history class): "Mary followed Edward VI. Who followed Mary?"

Edith Eck: "Her little lamb, I suppose."

### A Whiff From the Sea.

The Captain: "The cargo is stowed away, and the crew's on board. We shall be out of harbor by nightfall."

### Beaver!

Why did Prof. Phelps pause and laugh selfconsciously when he read the following from Hamlet?

"Ham: Then you saw not his face?

"Hor: Oh yes, my lord. He wore his beaver up."

### Three O'Clock in the Morning.

Cargo: "C-close that w-window, J-Jeff!"

"Jeff: "C-close it y-yourself. I'm-m-m n-not c-cold!"

Bob Frayne is very interested in infantry training. Naaw—we don't mean what you think we mean—don-che-knoww.



**THE MESSAGE.**  
**E. J. Thorlakson, '22.**

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Scene: A scantily furnished room in a farmhouse  
in southern Saskatchewan.

Characters of the play:  
A Widowed Mother (middle-aged).  
Eva, her daughter.  
Grandpa, over seventy.

Time: Autumn, 1917. A wind is moaning outside  
which gradually gains in violence as play  
progresses.

Mother is just completing a pair of socks  
which are to go into a parcel, the contents of  
which can be seen on the table. The mail has  
come in not long ago, for Eva is reading a let-  
ter and Grandpa is looking over the British  
mail.

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Grandpa: You women folk certainly do look after our sol-  
dier boys. . . . But where's the tobacco?

Mother: Dear me, I forgot all about it. I've been so busy  
trying to finish these socks.

Grandpa (taking tobacco out of his pocket): But I didn't.  
I know the soldier likes his smokes once in a while.

Mother: Yes, Grandpa, you were through the mill yourself.

Eva: O mother, he has kept the best news till the last. It's  
about his commission.

Mother: Have his papers gone through at last?

Eva (reads): "All the red tape in connection with my com-  
mission seems to be wound up now and nothing remains but to  
send me to England. This means Blighty for me in about a  
month's time. Three hearty British cheers." Isn't that fine!  
Bennie in an officer's uniform. I hope he gets his picture taken  
right away.

Mother: But he's so reckless. I hope he doesn't volunteer  
for a raiding party again now when he should be so careful.

Eva: Just as likely. He'll have a V.C. before he comes  
home.

Mother: Ah Eva, what is a V.C. to my boy's life!

Grandpa: I always said there was a deal of spirit in the lad.  
He's a chip of the old block all right.

Eva: Yes, Grandpa always did say so, and you see, when



the war broke out he went with the first Canadians. Wasn't that spirit?

Mother: He always had plenty of courage—too much, sometimes. The way he used to climb the highest trees and swing from the top of one to the other. And he would always go out into the middle of the lake where it was away over his head. You know I could never bear to see anyone swimming since your poor father was drowned.

Eva: What a hard life you have had, mother dear.

Mother: Not a hard life, my girl. God has been good to me. He has given me two beautiful children and the chance to work for them. Bennie was always the head of his class.

Eva: And the best football player too.

Grandpa (who has been reading): What a terrible battle the Canadians were in at Ypres. Those who weren't killed outright died in the mud which gripped them and sucked them down. Poor boys! dying in the mud with the rain drowning their prayers.

(Mother is startled, lays aside the completed socks and picks up the letter.)

Eva: Grandpa, you never miss a single detail. Please do not talk about that tonight. Poor Bennie had his share of Ypres. I hope he will like my maple fudge. He said the last lot was a good one. And your fruit cake was too. He managed to get one little bite of it himself. (silence.)

Mother: Grandpa, do you believe in . . . "hunches"?

Grandpa (uncomfortably): Why do you ask?

Mother: I wonder if Bennie is all right.

Eva: Sure he is, mother. He is most likely in England.

Mother: And yet—his letter is very strange. Listen. "Do you believe in "hunches" mother? Some of the boys do. Just before they go up the line they feel sure that something is going to happen to them. I remember poor old uncle Joe when he told me he felt just that way. A few days later he was killed. Great old uncle Joe. I feel somehow as if he were here tonight and I too, become strangely sad and lonely." Why did Bennie write like that? He is always so cheerful. Do you think it was a hunch?

Eva: Why should it be, mother? It's natural he should think of uncle Joe.

Grandpa (reminiscently): Strange how a soldier will believe in hunches.

Mother: We must drive over to see Joe's mother tomorrow. She is so pleased when somebody comes to see her. We can take our Red Cross work with us.

Eva: She may want to send Bennie something.

Mother: Always generous, always thinking of others. She too, has suffered and waited.

Eva: Are you feeling sad tonight, mother?



Mother: Just tired, dear, that's all. And I was thinking of Bennie. I hope he hasn't been sent to the trenches again.

Eva: Of course not, mother.

Mother: I don't know. We must pray tonight, Eva—earnestly. Ask God to send him back to us. The dream I had not long ago has frightened me.

Eva: A dream? But surely, mother—

Mother: A terrible dream, Eva. I saw Bennie by that door. He looked pale and tired and the water dripped from his clothes. He just stood there and looked at me with sad, wistful eyes. He seemed to be suffering terribly. His left hand was pressed to his side and in his right he held a candle. Just a moment he stood there with that yearning in his eyes, looking straight at me. He seemed about to speak when a gust of wind snuffed out the candle and I saw him vanish like a blue flame into the darkness.

Eva: Mother, you frighten me!

Grandpa: That's a chilly wind blowing now and it will surely bring cold rain or sleet. And our boys out there without shelter in the cold and the rain. It's always miserable over there in the fall. That's why you dreamed Bennie all cold and dripping.

Eva: Yes, we think of him so much in this cold, miserable weather. He will be so glad to get these warm socks.

Mother: We must finish packing the parcel. It will go with the mail tomorrow night.

(Brief silence as they continue with the parcel. A sharp gust of wind is heard.)

Mother: Hush, did you hear someone outside?

Eva: I only hear the wind.

Mother: I thought I heard a cry.

Eva: You are worried about the letter and the dream. Are you cold, Grandpa?

Grandpa: A chill has got into my bones. I think I'll drink my hot milk and go to bed.

Eva: I'll put your milk on the stove (exit to kitchen).

Mother: Make a good fire, Eva. I feel chilly too. (Throws a shawl over her shoulders.) Are you comfortable, Grandpa?

Grandpa: Can't say that I am. You should not have told Eva of the dream. You have frightened the poor child.

Mother: I simply could not help it. I had to relieve my feelings and this dream has haunted me so. Do dreams ever come true?

Grandpa (sadly): Sometimes they do.

Mother (absently): Dreams! (Picks up letter and reads.) "Poor old uncle Joe. I feel somehow as if he were here tonight and I too, become strangely sad and lonely."—Grandpa, what if Bennie should be dead!



Grandpa: He was just thinking of his uncle. Joe was like a father to him.

Mother: But he has never written like this before.

(Something falls with a clatter outside and they look at each other, startled.)

Grandpa: The wind is getting worse. Just the kind of night to make one gloomy.

Mother: I am afraid many hearts are aching tonight. Poor old grandma all alone. Even hope of seeing him again is gone. Yet she never complains. Alone, and nothing but memories.

Grandpa: It was great of you to let Bennie go like that. He was so young and you could have stopped him . . . and you needed him too.

Mother (simply: So did his country.

Grandpa: God grant that he will be worthy.

Mother: Never fear for Bennie. He is too brave, too generous for evil. It must be much harder for him now that Joe is gone.

Grandpa: Poor Joe, what a fine splendid young fellow he was.

Mother: Grandma knew how he fared day by day by her dreams or by reading the cards. She often told me that he would never come back, but when I asked her about Bennie she would not say a word.

Grandpa: Do you remember how she knew of Joe's fall? She saw him in a great flash of light. He stretched out his arms to her as he fell. She knew the fatal telegram would come.

Mother: And he was the last—all she had. One by one, she has seen them go—three of them. William, Bennie's father, Joe. Alone with the burden of seventy years. Bennie, Bennie, why did you go away?

Grandpa: You will see Bennie again.

Mother: Some day my heart will break with this awful suspense. Never to be certain, never to know. Just waiting—waiting—every moment to expect a message of death. And I who should watch over him and care for him, must picture him lying far away—in the cold driving rain, uncared for and alone. It doesn't seem so long since he nestled snug and warm against my heart and now—

Grandpa: God knows that it is hard, but a soldier is fighting for his country and somebody has to suffer.

Mother: But why the young and the strong?

Grandpa: War always takes the strong and the fit—it takes them all.

Mother (after brief silence): There, I heard that cry again,



only it seemed closer than before. Did you hear it?

Grandpa: You just heard Eva in the kitchen. She will soon bring in my milk. I must go to bed and keep out this cold.

Eva (comes in): The fire does not burn well. The wind blows down the chimney and beats the fire away from the pot. Grandpa's milk is just getting warm.

Mother: Did you hear anybody outside?

Eva: Just the wind, mother. It shrieks and howls on the roof. I do not like to be alone in the kitchen. The lamp flickers as if it were going out at any moment.—Why, mother! what is the matter? You are trembling.

Mother: It is nothing. Just a little cold.

Eva: Let us sit by the fire till the milk is hot.

Mother: We will go to bed soon.

Eva: You are tired, mother dear.

Mother: I wonder if Bennie is tired. . . . Come close to me, Eva.

Eva: I am right here, beside you mother.

Mother: You are all I have now.

Eva: I will never leave you, and when Bennie comes home . . .

Grandpa: —And when Bennie comes home.

Eva (tearfully): What do you mean, Grandpa?

Grandpa: Just thinking, my girl, just thinking.

Mother: Grandpa has been reading so much about the war. He is always thinking about it. (Steps are heard outside.)

Grandpa: Somebody is coming. (All listen. A knock is heard. They rise.)

Mother (frightened): See who it is, Eva. (Eva goes and soon returns with a telegram). Open it, Eva. (All look at telegram and mother sinks into the chair. Eva embraces her and breaks into tears. Grandpa remains standing.)

Curtain.

### LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Saturday, March 31st, between sunrise and sunset, one young bachelor. No reward is offered as he is gone forever.

FOUND among the Benedicts one new member.

The Staff of Vox Wesleyana join in wishing John Straumfjord, the Editor-in-Chief, a happy and prosperous married life.

Oh '23's when one begins,  
Will others lag behind?





### EDITORIAL NOTES

This issue of Vox is late in coming. Apologies are due and rendered to the students.

The results of the Literary Contest were as follows:—

#### Short Story:

First Prize.—“The Least of These,” Mabel Cooper .....\$15.00

Second Prize.—“Visited Upon the Children,”

Hazel McDonald ..... 10.00

#### Poem:

Second Prize.—“The Prairie,” Hazel McDonald ..... 3.00

The first prize was not awarded.

The judges were: Professors Phelps and Brady and Dr. Moffitt.

The members of the graduating class should now be searching for honest biographers that Vox may hand down to posterity in due time the good deeds and virtues of the graduates. Such biographers will limit their subject matter, if possible, to about four hundred words and will make noble efforts to have the manuscripts ready by Friday, April 13th.

The coming of spring is usually associated with stormy weather in the minds of all who ply their little skiffs of learning on the seas of knowledge. The wise boatman, of course, has the biggest holes in his craft repaired by this time, but he will be very busy with oakum and pitch till the 23rd of April. It is worth the effort to keep the water out, and if one cannot be wise, one can usually be careful and an earnest attempt to make the most of a leaky vessel is generally successful. We take this occasion to wish all the boatmen a safe voyage. May each come riding high on the crest of a wave and land in joy on dry land without damage to himself or his boat. Then with their boats safely moored, where they neither crack nor rot, may they enjoy the security of terra firma.



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# RELIGIOUS

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## THE CANADIAN STUDENT CONFERENCE

### A Symposium

With the introduction of a Canadian National Student Conference into student life an entirely new experiment was tried. It required a great amount of courage on the part of the committee that launched this enterprise and it demanded faith in the students of Canada that they would respond to such a call. The Committee was thoroughly justified in its summing up of student needs.

There were gathered in Convocation Hall about seven hundred students from every part of Canada with representatives from eighteen countries including Germany. In this number were represented many religions, faiths and social groups. Each and all had the same privilege of free speech and discussion of our problems in turn, and every statement was made with candor and kindness and all replies were couched in frank and brotherly words. The whole conference was a wonderful demonstration of the fact that students are alive to a world of conditions which await mastery and that they are able to discuss these world conditions intelligently. The cry was ever "Be practical! Give us action!"

The purpose of the conference was not to arrive at definite conclusions but to get students from every quarter to present different phases of our various problems, to arrive at some point of unity from which to work and some common goal to look to. For all, Jew, Mohammedan, Roman Catholic, Protestant, alike that common impetus was God, that goal the Brotherhood of man. With these in mind the discussions were always of a high order.

It was a rare privilege to attend this conference, a privilege I will never cease to be grateful for. It is a source of added inspiration and power to realize that one's convictions are not isolated but are held and practised by large numbers all over our Dominion and in many lands.

—D. B. Sparling.



The first Canadian National Students' Conference was very distinctive in character and the reactions of outsiders to the meetings were accordingly very strong. Much has been said against the radical views which were given expression as well as in favor of the broadminded attitude and freedom in discussion which was so notable a feature of the meeting. The lack of self-consciousness and the fluency born of sincere conviction were characteristic of all the students' speeches. Bacon has said somewhere that the best materials for prophesy are the unforced opinions of young men, and Dr. Bland believes that if Bacon lived to-day he would add "and young women." If that be true the conference gives us hope of a wonderful future. The opinions were not only unforced—they were clear, definite and to a remarkable extent unprejudiced by national or class bias. They looked to a Universal Brotherhood based on the recognition of God as the Father. What did not harmonize with such an ideal ought to be discarded, but it was recognized that diversity in the lesser matters of life should remain. People will retain their individuality and differences of opinion will arise, but there should be among men not only toleration but respect for one another's views, and not only respect for but love of one another. This, then, was the ideal end in the light of which the students faced the problems brought up for their consideration.

In considering racial problems there were startling accusations brought against us. Professor Aggrey, the son of a cannibal, who was found by missionaries when he was about fourteen, pleaded forcefully for sympathy and understanding of the Africans. "It is a tragedy to be born black," he said—And again "Sometimes it seems as if God must have made a mistake." That cry was not blasphemous in intention and it is a cutting indictment of the Christianity of the "superior" white race. Speeches from Indian, Chinese and Japanese representatives served further to emphasize the fact that the racial differences should constitute no barrier. All pleaded for understanding, and those who spoke were the strongest arguments possible to convince the delegates of the possibility and need of co-operation and the contribution those races each have for us. Particularly we Canadians in striving for the assimilation of the new Canadians in our midst must discard ideas of Anglo-Saxon superiority and be ready to learn as well as to help.

The national and international situations which face Canada to-day are increasingly important. A tendency to an aggressive nationalism which is to-day the greatest force against internationalism and hence against peace, must be eliminated. If we have suffered we must not bear ill will but pave the way for an understanding which will effectively prevent any recurrence of trouble. The guests from the United States spoke earnestly of a better mutual understanding. Every Canadian



can help to further this in his attitude and in the opinions he expresses day by day when reference to our neighbor is made. The greatest test of the willingness of Canadian students to forgive past wrongs came when our guest from Germany—the first German to address a Canadian audience since the war—was introduced. There was a tense moment when one wondered what his reception would be and then the welcoming applause echoed through the hall as it had done for no other delegate, and the appreciation shown at the end of his speech was even more hearty. It is interesting in this connection to note that students of European countries—men who had fought and suffered greatly at one another's hands—have been able to hold a conference in Europe and maintain throughout a friendly understanding spirit. Surely then we can do no less.

The class question is fortunately, in Canada, less prominent than in other countries. We have, however, the Labor problem and until we realize that the "enlistment of personality" is a pre-requisite of any economic solution of the discontent of Labor we cannot go far. Christianity is individualistic in its teaching that every man has a personality to be respected. On the other hand, it has a definitely socialistic trend. We must admit that our present economic system is grievously unsatisfactory, and the fault lies mainly in the distribution of wealth. It was of course beyond the power and intention of the Conference to attempt to deal definitely with the economic system, but insofar as it was approached, it seemed that the tendency was to regard Socialism as a possible solution, involving, it is true, many difficulties and great sacrifice by the few for the sake of the many, but bringing to the present most undesirable situation some hope.

Finally the question of religion was approached. It was a new experience to many to consider Christianity as only one of several ways of worshipping God. This is what a Mohammedan said to us: "When you are asked your religion, instead of saying, I am a Christian, a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, etc., say, 'I believe in the Universal Brotherhood.' We all believe in God." A Jewish student told us that our religious differences were not fundamental. With the same moral principle and ideals and with belief in the same God there should be no misunderstanding between Christians and Jews.

These Christian principles then are to be looked to, to solve the big problems of the world. The Conference approached the problems before it in a non-religious attitude, but each time an answer was found in the teachings of Christ, because they are good common sense, and whether one is a Christian or not, they must appeal to an unprejudiced student as fundamentally sound. Those who have known and held in reverence the teachings of Christ should be the first to exemplify them in their lives; it is



for Christians to lead the way in showing the world the way to peace and happiness.

—Katherine Evans.

My impressions of the whole Conference at Toronto can be summed up by the phrase "Unity through diversity." There were differences of opinion and view-point between the students of the East and West regarding the ultimate cause of rural depletion, labor questions and our "New Canadian" situation. There were differences of opinion regarding religion, but each one present had an opportunity to explain and uphold his views, whether radical or ultra-conservative, whether Mohammedan, Jew, Roman Catholic or Protestant, whether from Czecho-Slovakia, China or Africa.

A spirit of tolerance pervaded the whole gathering. With many it was the tolerance of indecision and of judgment reserved until further investigation, but with most it was tolerance arising from sympathy and from a Christian attitude that understood the difficulties and doubts of others. It was a real Brotherhood under the Fatherhood of one God.

The leaders of the Conference were an inspiration. Davidson Ketchum, the president of the committee which planned it all, is a man with a powerful influence through his personality, through his message of love, and through his music. None who heard will ever forget his rendering of Blake's "Jerusalem" which closed the last impressive session in Knox College Chapel. Dr. Gray brought his Christian message, old yet new, ready to meet the demands of our industrial and commercial life—indeed of life no matter in what phase or calling. Dr. Oliver, of Saskatoon; Senator Belcourt, of Montreal; Premier Drury, and Hon. Wesley Rowell, and our visitors from foreign countries as well as many of the students will long be remembered, both for themselves and for their message.

The Conference has meant much to us who were there. We can never cease to thank our fellow Wesley students for the privilege of representing them at this first National Student Conference.

H. A. McDonald.

Lost: A good English accent. Finder please return same to Miss Wilma Curry.

Miss Yule kindly consented to give Dr. McLean a holiday. She was tired of the Sparling Hall spoon-holders and wanted to try the library. According to Hoyle, it worked.

Es—lle: We were down to see the fire to-night.

B—ie: Were you? Then that's why Frank was still smoking when he came home.





At the Annual Business Meeting of the Wesley College Alumni Club held recently at the Y.M.C.A. the following officers were elected to carry on the work of the club:

President: Ben C. Parker, '07.

Vice-President: W. Lindal, '11.

Secretary: G. P. R. Tallin, '16.

Treasurer: John E. Gibbon, '15.

Publicity Committee: J. K. Sparling, '93; J. C. W. Agnew, '08; H. E. Snyder, '16; W. A. Cuddy, '16; C. N. Halstead, '20.

At the Annual Dinner, under the auspices of the University of Manitoba Alumni Association, held in the Fort Garry, March 3rd, a fair number of the Wesley Alumni were present. It is hoped that the Wesley Grads. will take an interest in this organization and if they consider it worthy of their support turn out in even larger numbers at the future meetings.

The Alumni extend to Earl Scarlett, '16, their deepest sympathy in his recent bereavement, the death of his father.

Only one hymeneal triumph to record this issue but it is with great pleasure that we announce the marriage of Ewart Morgan, '17, and Miss Olive Switzer, '17. Congratulations.

The members of the '17 class spent a very enjoyable evening as the guests of their Honorary President, Dr. W. T. Allison, on the occasion of welcoming back Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Morgan.

In a recent letter Irene Thompson, '18, who is at C. M. M. Kiating, Szechwan, West China, gives us a few of her impressions of China, and her work there, she says: "I am living now in one of the largest cities in Szechwan, situated at the junction of several rivers. It has dirty narrow streets, dogs, cats, pigs, hens, children in such confusion that one can scarcely pick one's way along. Our beautiful compounds are surely a haven from the noise and dirt and confusion around us. Not long ago I made my debut before a Chinese audience. I took servant's prayers for four days. I had a great time getting up my Bible verses beforehand. Chinese is atrocious stuff to learn, but I enjoyed the attempt."

We are glad to hear from Irene and to know that she is enjoying the work. We wish her every good wish.

Miss Myrtle Hazelwood, '21, Lady Stick, dropped in to give the College a call on her way back from a tour of the Coast. Myrtle is teaching at Goodeve, Sask.



## ENGLISH CLUB.

Thursday, January 25th, the English Club met at the home of Professor and Mrs. A. L. Phelps, 394 Assiniboine Avenue.

As a result of Mr. Phelps' persuasiveness we were honored by having as our guest Chief Long Lance—a Chief of the Blood Indians, who is travelling over Canada visiting all the Indian tribes, winning from them their history in order that he may compile a history "of the Indians, by an Indian, and from the Indian viewpoint." Everyone was delighted with the charming and pleasant manner of the man and a most enjoyable evening was spent with him.

Chief Long Lance in his very interesting and decidedly individualistic manner told of his experience among the Indians, of Indian customs, names and manners. He gave very picturesque descriptions of the home coming of the warriors, of the initiation of the braves, of the Sun Dance and Indian festivals.

Chief Long Lance spoke of the different languages, of their inflections and agglutinations peculiar to some of the languages.

The girls were especially interested in a snap shot album which the Chief gave them permission to look at. In it were several pictures of the man himself in his Indian costumes and in his war uniform. There were also pictures of college friends, movie actresses, pugilistic friends (Jack Dempsey), and many very interesting pictures of Indian life.

The chief described how Indian children received their names and in a very unassuming way told how he had received his name, and how before him his father had received the title of Long Lance. He spoke of the cruelty of the Indian women and of the desire in them for revenge. He mentioned the deference and respect which Indians paid to their fellows, and their readiness to listen to the tales of the patriarch.

Chief Long Lance said he was regarded with much suspicion when he first went into Indian settlements or reserves. They, so often beguiled and betrayed, were at first loth to listen to him, but once he had "cleared the ground" with the tribal chief, he at once summoned the council and to this council Chief Long Lance would be invited. After they had taken their places, according to their rank in the tribe, they smoked the pipe of peace and then each in turn told what he knew of their ancestors, their customs, their traits, their warfare and everything pertaining to Indian life in ages gone by or within the range of his own experience.

To members of the English Club this night will long be outstanding and everyone was extremely grateful to Prof. Phelps for securing such a man to be at our meeting.

—A.B.C., '24.



## "TWENTY-TWO TWENTY-THREE'S"

'23 GIRLS		Favorite Eats	Likes Best	Dislikes Most	Hopes to be	Favorite Saying
Hazel MacDonald	Toast		Sleep	Work	Angel	We let him poke another essay on us.
Mary Yule	Dill pickles		Sleep	English Essays	Deaconess	Goo' night
Estelle Mooney	Scalloped potatoes		Studebaker	Cats	Dean of Sparling Hall.	I just had a little session.
Bessie MacLean	Apples		Coon coat Skating	Cheese	Teacher	Oh! what a marvel.
Fannie Sigurdson	Dill pickles		Reading	Essays	Salvation Army lass	I think he's wonderful.
Pat. Adamson	Lemon pie		Riding horseback	Cussedness	Housekeeper	It's the bunk.
Dot. Robinson	Pat's chocolates		Pat	When she hasn't any	Waitress in Picardy's	I still have two essays to do.
Annie Andrew	Apple pie		Magazines	Waiting for an invitation	Seamstress by the day	I'd like to get a little work done.
Florence Andrew	Olives		Eleven P.M. Lunch	Chemistry	Barber	I have to go to lab.
Kathleen Evans	Bread and butter at English Club.		Castles in the air	9 o'clock lectures	Cosmopolitan	The next debate is—
Mabel Cooper	Soup		Flowers	Etiquette	Matron of an orphanage.	For the love of Mike
'23 BOYS		Hobby	Pet Aversion	Favorite Song	Characteristic Saying	Future Vocation
Mel. Abbott	Shooting		Thinking	"Dead March"	If I'm spared	Cemetery Expert
Frank Baker	Pipe		Milk	"Give Me the Moon...."	Hello!! What d you want!	Astronomer
Warner Bickle	Rugby		Women	"Eleanor"	By Hick!	Ford Chauffeur
Ernie Bullied	Harmonica		Beavers	"Where the Wild Roses Bloom"	"Rearin' to go"	Pill dispenser
J. Hoyle Dennison	Farming		Sparling Hall	"Oh What a Pal Was Mary"	"Oh, boy, we had a wild time."	2nd Base Strand Circuit
Ed. Hill	Hunting		Gum	"Marjie"	Hair on you!	Toreador
Ragnar Johnson	Athletics		Cigarettes	"I'll Be Down To Get You in a Taxi, Honey"	"The '23 class is dead?"	Pro. Golfer
Agnar Magnusson	Maths.		Beating, J.V.S.	"One, Two Three"	"All is spirit"	Prof.
Jim Maynard	Sleeping		Stepping	"Comin' Thru the Rye"	"Let's go to the Strand Frank."	Prescription Hound
Kris. Sigurdson	History Essays		9 o'clock lectures	"It's Nice to Get Up the Morning"	InNone	Confectioner
H. Stefansson	Nut bars		Smiling	"Now I Lay Me to Sleep"	Down Darn it all.	Philosopher a la Cowé
Jon Straumfjord	Scholarships		Editorials	"Three O'clock in the Morning"	"I don't think I'll ever fall in love."	Book Agent.
Axel Vopnfjord	Attending College		Finishing the 3rd mile	"Mignonette"	Get your essay done?— Neither did I.	Wheelwright



## A JUNIOR'S WHO'S WHO.

Anna. She endeared herself to great and to humble by her constant desire to promote their general welfare. Chaucer celebrated her bethrothal in his "Assembly of Foules."

Alice. A most charming creation. When with her we are in Wonderland.

Annie. "And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and dee."

Allan. Scotch mineralogist. From childhood he took to scientific pursuits.

Alfred the Great. He seems to have been a child of singular attractiveness and promise. The last words of his "Blooms" may be fittingly quoted. "Therefore he seems to me a very foolish man, and very wretched, who will not increase his understanding while he is in the world, and ever wish and long to reach that endless life where all shall be made clear."

Albert. King of the Belgians. Carefully educated, widely travelled, well versed in politics and economics.

Bertha. She was daughter of Charibert, king of Paris. She was married to Ethelbert of Kent, and was instrumental in bringing Christianity to that country.

Blanche of Castile, queen of France and later regent. In this capacity she displayed great energy and address.

Charles. A well known scientist and one of the two independent formulators of a law in chemistry. "If the pressure remains constant, the volume occupied by a given weight of gas at different temperatures is directly proportional to the absolute temperature of the gas."

Dorothea. In Fletcher's comedy "Monsieur Thomas" a bright, affectionate English girl.

Edith of Lorn. The fair heroine of Sir Walter Scott's "The Lord of the Isles."

Elizabeth. Good Queen Bess. Her education was entrusted to the most learned men of the age, and she became an accomplished scholar. Every morning she read a portion of Demosthenes.

Eleanor. "To stand apart and to adore  
Gazing on thee for evermore  
Serene, imperial Eleanore."

—Tennyson.

Etta. A beautiful Spanish princess in the tale of the "Tristes Amantes."

Edward. Called the Confessor because of his reputation for sanctity. His character had charm for the monastic biographer, and there has been a tendency to create a halo around his figure.

Frederick the Great. Frederick had free and generous impulses which could not be restrained by the sternest system. He



has often been called a misanthrope, but he was capable of genuine attachments, and he had an enduring sentiment for humanity.

Harry. "My Harry was a gallant gay  
Fu' stately strade he on the plain."

—Bobbie Burns.

Harold. Otherwise known as Childe Harold. A man of gentle birth and peerless intellect.

Ivan the Terrible. Ivan was in every respect precocious. He entertained an exalted idea of his own divine authority, but he was undoubtedly a man of great natural ability, and his political foresight was extraordinary.

Jefferson. Author of Declaration of Independence. He was possessed of a familiarity with higher mathematics and natural sciences only possessed, at his age, by men who have a rare natural taste and ability for those studies.

John Lyman Abbott, B.A., B.D., M.A. Poet and author.

Kathleen. A violinist of distinction.

Lorne. John George Edward Henry Sutherland Campbell, Marquis of. Gov.-Gen. of Canada.

Margaret of Anjou. She was well brought up and inherited something of her father's literary tastes. In her youth she delighted in romance of chivalry.

(Berythe) Margaret. The Semiramis of the North, and one of the notable characters of history.

Mary. "Oh what a pal was Mary,  
Oh what a pal was she."

May. Queen of the . . .

Maxwell. Distinguished British physicist. Senior wrangler at college. Foremost in rank of natural philosophers.

Maria Teresa. She was a patriot queen of Austria-Hungary. She had a strong, and in the main a noble individuality.

Olive. A rich countess whose love was sought by Orsino, Duke of Illyria, but she in no wise reciprocated his love.

Phoebe. Goddess of the moon, and sister of Phoebus.

Robert the Strong. A prelate warrior. One of the missi dominici of Charles the Bold. In many stubborn fights he thoroughly earned his surname.

Viola. A sweet little lady in Twelfth Night.

Wilhelmina (Wilma). The Strong Woman of Europe. With amazing tact and strength she has guided her country through perilous times.

(Laura) Willard. American suffragist and reformer. Sometime president of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Wilhelm. Much better known to young children as Wee Willie Winkie.



## TEA.

The Wesley Women assisted by the girls of Sparling Hall, held a very delightful silver tea, Saturday, Feb. 10th. The tables were artistically decorated in red and white. Musical selections added to enjoyment of the tea hour. Mrs. McIrvine, Mrs. Church, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Moffitt, presided over the tea table, assisted by a bevy of Sparlingettes. Those receiving were Mrs. Ceddell, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Bowes, Misses Andrew, Mooney, Adamson, Yule, and Pitt.

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## FOURTH YEAR TEA.

The Senior girls have only to recall their Sophomore days and all their acts of wisdom to know that the Freshettes, now the Juniors, have realized that it is wise to return good for evil. On Wednesday, Feb. 21st, the first social function in honor of the girls of the graduating class was given, when they were entertained by the Juniors at a tea at Baroni's. A dainty lunch, decorations appropriate to the occasion and an abundance of good feeling among the girls, all made the hour a most enjoyable one, and the Seniors came away expressing their gladness that there had been such a class of Freshettes in the fall of 1920.

---

We dreamed that Arthur was munching a big, rosy-cheeked apple. Somehow we associated this big, rosy-cheeked apple with term marks. It was very, very desirable.

A little boy stood by.

"Give us a bite," the little boy said.

"Nope."

Now, you would not imagine Arthur using such language, but the truth is, he had just been reading "Smoke and Steel."

So he said "Nope," and the little boy looked on, longingly.

"Aw, please give us a little bite."

"Nope."

The water ran rivers in the little boy's mouth.

"Com'n, be a sport! Give us the core any way!"

"There ain't going to be no core."

---

Jeff is very proud of his rushes in hockey. Sort of bul-rushes, aren't they, Jeff?

---

We don't grasp immediately the full significance of so much of what our professors say.

O. T.—"Two members of last year's class got full marks, but to do this is very discouraging to the rest of the students."

E. G.—"Would you not advise us to do it this year?"

O. T.—"Certainly not."





That the 1921-22 Athletic Council has displayed marked ability throughout its term of office, seems to be the opinion of the entire student body. Though its members have at times been confronted with adverse situations they have solved all difficulties in a manner befitting professional financiers, always making the wish of the "students as a whole" the important consideration in coming to their decisions.

In the person of Mr. E. A. Hill we have had a very capable and energetic president and U.M.S.U. representative. "Ed" has the very enviable reputation of "not stooping to be stepped on," and of having at all times the interests of his Alma Mater at heart.

While Wesley had not carried off many of the higher honors in the past year she has at least proven that she retains her sporting disposition. Her members are at all times willing to do their best and if the Goddess of Ill Fortune court them, to smile on defeat and find in it a message of inspiration.

### BASKETBALL.

Basketball this season has proved one of the most popular and successful of our college sports. At no time has interest and enthusiasm been lacking. After dropping the first three games of the Inter-Faculty league, by very small margins, the Wesley A team, finally revealed their true form by winning the remaining games of the first series. This success however was abruptly checked early in the second series, when on journeying to the M.A.C. they met defeat at the hands of the strong Agricultural quintette. This defeat which was the only one of the second series apparently inspired the team with a greater determination to win and the games with Engineers, Meds. and Law resulted in decisive victories for the Red and Blue. Arts defaulted the final game, leaving Wesley tied with Engineers and Aggies for first place in the series. Wesley succeeded in taking top place in the play off by defeating the Aggies in a hard fought battle, which was close enough to give the spectators plenty of



excitement. The final game and without doubt the most nerve-racking, was with the Engineers. This game determined the holders of the cup for the coming year, and though at one time during its progress, things looked very unfavorable, a determined rally in the second half brought us out on top with the silverware.

The basket-ball team was fortunate this year in making a trip to Brandon, where they met the fast Brandon College aggregation in a hard fought tussle. Though the home team was on this occasion victorious, in the return game Wesley was successful in reversing the score.

The B division won 5 and lost 4 games. Pharmacy and Aggies had a big advantage in weight over our boys and the Engineers proved a little too speedy. Nevertheless our fellows fought with that die-hard spirit which is indispensable in a good team. The game with Arts was lost by one basket only, after a fast and keenly contested game. Those with Science, Meds. and Accountancy resulted in three straight wins. Most of the team will be back next year and we expect great things from them.

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### CURLING.

The exponents of the "roarin' game" have enjoyed a very successful season. Every Saturday morning they have turned out in goodly numbers to the Terminal Rink, where many interesting tussels have provided plenty of excitement. In the matter of inter-collegiate games we did not fare quite as well as last year. Our chances of the Dingwall cup faded early in the season, but in the Porte-Markle trophy, which we have held for the past year, we hung on doggedly, and lost out to Meds. only after a great struggle and heart-breaking finish. Special mention must be made of the success of our curlers in the big 'Spiel. Jim Maynard, Crawf. Gamey, Frank Taylor, and Wilf. Adamson (skip) comprised a steady going rink which did well in all events. In the Dominion Match trophy they teamed up nicely with Halliday's Meds. to enter the finals, but lost out to the famous Hudson rink. They certainly deserve our heartiest congratulations.

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### GIRLS' HOCKEY.

Our girls' hockey this year opened with practically a new line-up. Though this has placed us in a rather unfortunate situation this year, we are working up a real team for the future.

Pat Adamson, President of U.M.S.U. Hockey, captained the team in an able manner and was successful in stirring up enthusiastic support. Our forward line with Glad. Northy at centre and Birdie Gamey and Dorey Peter playing wing, has been developing steadily throughout the series. Pat. Adamson and Phoebe Boughton have done stellar work on the defence line,



while K. Murray and Dot Robinson have proven faithful subs. Nell Hamilton is a goalie of splendid promise.

The active interest taken in the team by Coach Moore and Manager Donaldson has helped much, and if Edie Cochran continues as mascot next year we hope to be able to take a leading place in the inter-collegiate league.

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### INTER-COLLEGIATE HOCKEY.

"Defeated, but never dishonored," could well be our slogan for this year. It has been characterized by many close and hard fought battles even though we cannot boast the glory of a victory.

Great credit is due both the Senior and Junior teams for the game way in which they continued to battle, sometimes against overwhelming opposition until the last minute of the game had passed into history.

After all it is not so much the victories that count, as it is the putting forth of that honest effort to win, and, win or lose, always playing the game fairly and in a sportsmanlike manner.

So here's to another winter! Bring it victory or defeat it matters little as long as we continue to play the game with that true British spirit which it has been said is the backbone of our Empire.

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There is always a bright side to things—even if we need a tin of brasso to bring it out. Alf thought it very kind of the person who got 99% on the history paper to leave him the remaining 1%.

---

Yesterday we went down to Eaton's, and bought several scribblers and note books.

To-day, in class, we took down a list of books for collateral reading in connection with Shakespeare and in connection with British Expansion.

To-morrow we are going down to Eaton's to buy several scribblers and note books.





# FARQUHAR & SHAW

SPORTING GOODS

## Headquarters for Wesley Students

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